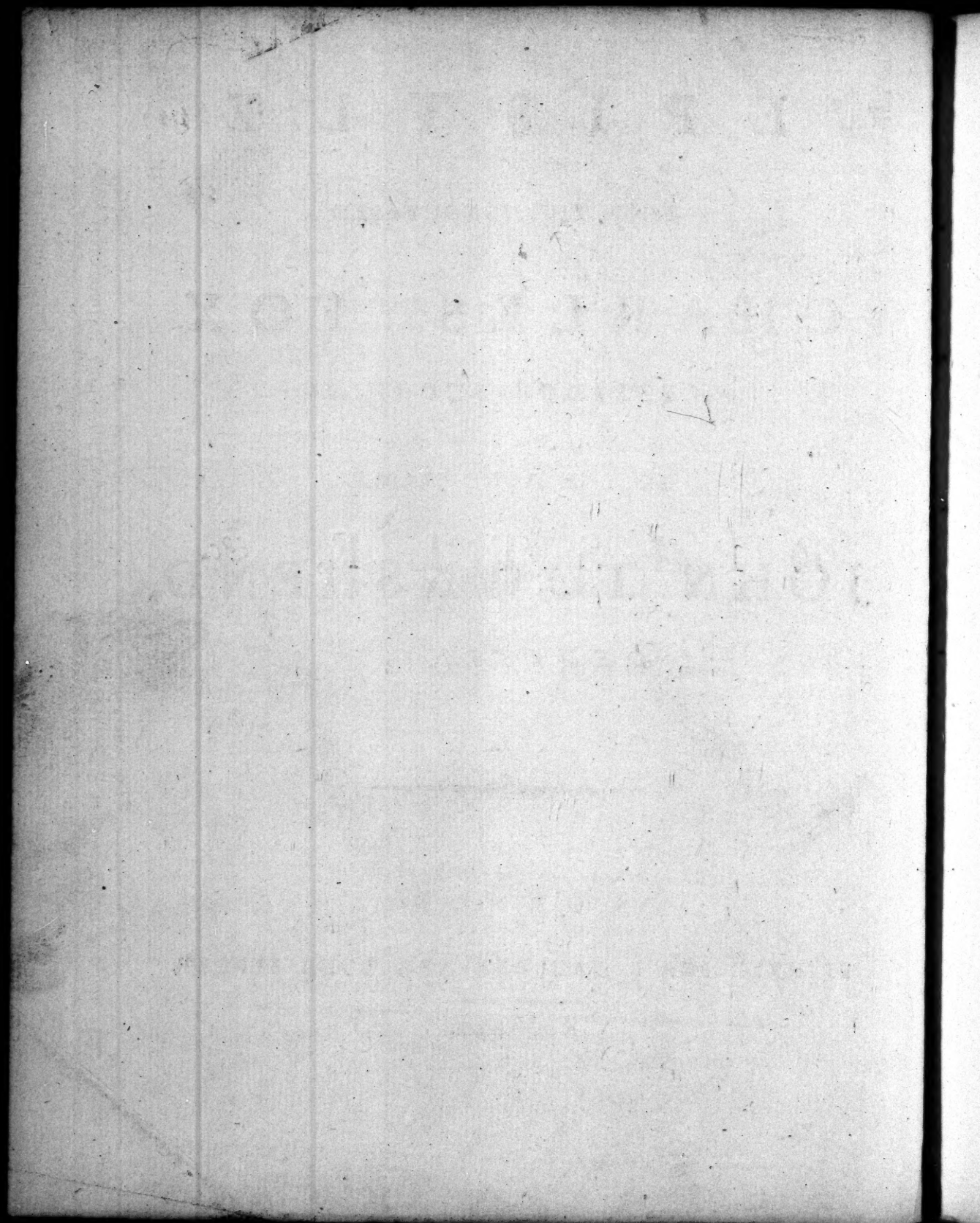


E P I S T L E, &c.



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E P I S T L E

FROM THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES FOX,

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING, *K*

TO THE HONOURABLE

JOHN TOWNSHEND,

CRUISING.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR R. FAULDER, NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCLXXIX.

H. P. L. S. T. L. E.

FROM THE HONORABLE

CHARLES FOX

PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY

TO THE HONORABLE

JOHN TOWNSHEND

SECRETARY



PRINTED FOR R. FAWCETT, 15, BOND STREET

1844

E P I S T L E, &c.

WHILE you, dear TOWNSHEND, o'er the billows ride,
MULGRAVE in front, and HANGER by thy side,
Me it delights the woods and wilds to court,
For rustic feats and unambitious sport.—

At that dim hour when fading lamps expire, 5
When the last, ling'ring, clubs to bed retire,

B

I rise!

I rise!—how should I then thy feelings shock,
 Unhav'd, unpowder'd, in my shooting frock!
 What frock? thou criest—I'll tell thee—the old brown;
 Trimm'd to a jacket, with the skirts cut down— 10
 Thou laugh'ft; I know, thou do'ft; but check that sneer;
 What tho' no fashion'd sportsman I appear,
 Yet hence thy CHARLES'S voice gains thriller force;
 Ah! JACK, if DUNNING shot, he'd not be hoarse.

Nor deem ev'n here the cares of state forgot, 15
 I wad with gazettes ev'ry second shot:
 ALMON'S bold sheets the intervals supply;
 And still, methinks, his charges farthest fly.

Oft too, while all around my pointers stray,
 With patriot names I cheer them on their way: } 20
 No servile ministerial runners they!

Not

Not **RANGER** then, but **WASHINGTON**, I cry ;
 Hey on ! **PAUL JONES**, re-echoes to the sky :
 Toho ! old **FRANKLIN**—**SILAS DEANE**, take heed !—
 Cheer'd with the found, o'er hills and dales they speed : 25
 Till one, to whose quick sense and practis'd skill
 His active followers yield a hasty will,
 Touch'd by the scent the passing gales convey,
 With startled vigilance presumes the prey :
 The rest a disciplin'd subservience keep ; 30
 Dash where he runs, and as he crouches, creep :
 At length the hostile league one point avow :
 Now places, places ! order, order, now !
 “ **BUNB'RY** ! let me (I cry) for party's sake,
 “ Teach thee where best to aim, what ground to take.” 35

And see, a young bird rises, weak and slow ;
 “ At him, Sir **CHARLES** ! ”—He fires, and lays him low—
 Scar'd

Scar'd at the found, up the full covey springs ;
 RICHARD at random fires, and only *wings* :
 Not so thy CHARLES ; intent with half-clos'd fight, 40
 Cautious I watch their veteran leader's flight :
 At him I aim, the covey's head and guide ;
 I fire ; but ah ! too plainly on one side :
 Again I try, like *rising to explain*,
 A double barrel's force, but try in vain ; 45
 Against myself the heated tube recoils,
 Nor gains one feather to requite my toils.—

But if too soon the startled covey rise,
 And move a *previous question* in the skies,
 My faithful groom quick marks them as they spring, 50
 And counts their noses, undeceiv'd as BYNG :
 Whether in close array, and nemine con,
 To their old beaten ground the covey's gone ;

Or,

Or, scattering wild, in petty parties fall,
Some to *pair off*, and some to wait a *call*. 55

Thus from each kindred image, fancy draws
The latent emblem of a nobler cause.
If chance, a stray, lone, bird my course invites,
I think of MEREDITH, and proselytes ;
Mean, mangled, game not for itself I prize ; 60
Vengeance and PALLISER to memory rise.—
Some senatorial type ev'n Pointers yield ;
One loves too narrow, one too wide a field ;
This creeps below, that springs above his work,
As HARTLEY flow, or uncontroll'd as BURKE, 65
With rav'nous ardour some devour the prey ;
O gentle SAWBRIDGE, lash such fiends away !
Others, with puzzling zeal, small objects mark ;
Judicious LUTTRELL, bid them *ware a lark* !—

But come, dear JACK, all martial as thou art, 70
 With spruce cockade, heroically smart,
 Come, and once more together let us greet
 The long lost pleasures of ST. JAMES'S STREET.
 Enough o'er stubbles have I deign'd to tread ;
 Too long wer't thou at anchor, at SPITHEAD ! 75

Come, happy friend ! to hail thy wish'd return,
 Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn,
 From gentle bosoms purer flames shall rise,
 And keener ardours flash from Beauty's eyes.
 Methinks, I see thee now resume thy stand, 80
 Pride of Fop-alley, tho' a little tann'd :
 What tender joy the gazing Nymphs disclose !
 How pine with envy the neglected Beaux !
 While many a feeble frown and struggling smile
 Fondly reprove thy too adventurous toil, 85
 And

And seem with reprehensive love to say,

“ Dear Mr. TOWNSHEND, wherefore didst thou stray !

“ What fatal havoc might one shot have made,

“ If not thy life, thy leg the forfeit paid !

“ That shot thy foretop might have made it's prey, 90

“ Or sing'd one dear devoted curl away ;

“ Or lopp'd that hand, the pride of love and lace ;

“ Or scarr'd, with bolder sacrilege, thy face.”

Soon as to BROOKS's thence thy footsteps bend,

What gratulations thy approach attend ! 95

See GIBBON rap his box ; auspicious sign,

That classic compliment and wit combine ;

See BEAUCLERK's cheek a tinge of red surprise,

And Friendship give what cruel Health denies.

Important TOWNSHEND ! what can thee withstand ? 100

The ling'ring black-ball lags in BOOTHBY's hand ;

Ev'n

Ev'n DRAPIER checks the sentimental sigh,
And SMITH, without an oath, suspends the dye.

That night, to festive wit and friendship due,
That night thy CHARLES's board shall welcome you. 105
Sallads, that shame ragouts, shall woo thy taste;
Deep shalt thou delve in WELTJIE's motley paste;
DERBY shall lend, if not his plate, his Cooks,
And, know, I've bought the best Champagne from BROOKS;
From liberal BROOKS, whose speculative skill, 110
Is hasty credit, and a distant bill;
Who, nurs'd in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid!

On that auspicious night, supremely grac'd
With chosen Guests, the pride of liberal Taste, 115

Not

Not in contentious heat, nor mad'ning strife,

Not with the busy ills, nor cares of life,

We'll waste the fleeting hours ; far happier themes

Shall claim each thought, and chase Ambition's dreams.

Each *Beauty* that *Sublimity* can boast

120

He best shall tell, who still unites them most.

Of wit, of taste, of fancy, we'll debate ;

If SHERIDAN for once is not too late :

But scarce a thought to ministers we'll spare,

Unless on Polish Politics, with HARE :

125

Good natur'd DEVON ! oft shall then appear

The cool complacence of thy friendly sneer :

Oft shall FITZPATRICK's wit, and STANHOPE's ease,

And BURGoyNE's manly sense unite to please.

And while each guest attends our varied feats

130

Of scatter'd covies and retreating Fleets,

D

Me

(14)

Me shall they wish some better sport to gain;
And Thee more glory, from the next campaign.

F I N I S.